

COMMON SENSE in the HOME

EDITED by MARION HARLAND

TEACHER'S PROTEST AGAINST PARENTAL NEGLIGENCE.

SUBSTITUTE for my usual familiar talk this week a thoroughly and well written letter from a teacher in the public school of a southern city. The facts related by her are startling to me, and they may be as new to many another reader. I invite comment from parents and those whose interest in the welfare of the rising generation is deep and sincere. In a personal letter our earnest thinker says:

"I know that the accompanying article may be too long for insertion in the correspondence column of your page. Yet I beseech you to find a place for it, if possible."

"I am anxious to reach careless fathers and especially careless and ignorant mothers through this medium, and, for the sake of hundreds of suffering children, I wish this protest to be made public. It comes straight from the shoulder. In this instance that means directly from the heart."

"A Southern Woman and Teacher."

"Will you allow me space for an appeal in behalf of thousands of children whose chances of happiness and usefulness are ruined by the ignorance, and more often by the indifference, of their parents?"

"A strange statement, I hear you say? Then bear with me patiently while I relate a few of the many instances of both ignorance and indifference which have come under my own observation."

"My work as a teacher in the public schools throws me into contact each year with many children defective in eyesight and in hearing—deficiencies that are not merely sources of mortification to those thus afflicted, but which are a serious handicap to them in their school work, making it difficult, if not impossible, for the poor children to keep pace in their respective classes with others in the same grades."

Brother and Sister Afflicted.

"In my school there were, last year, a brother and a sister, the boy being deaf, while the girl had a serious eye trouble. Although they were the children of extremely well-to-do parents, no effort whatever had ever been made to correct these conditions. I doubt if it will be done before it is too late to do any real good. This is especially doubtful in the case of the boy. As every one knows who has given the matter any thought, deafness is a handicap to the child in the youth of a patient and the short time that has elapsed since the affliction showed itself. There will almost certainly be one more future citizen of our vaunted intelligent country

incapacitated for active life work and shut out from happiness by the neglect of his parents to appreciate the gravity of his condition and to seek to change it."

"To illustrate what total deafness may mean to the afflicted one, let me tell you of an incident that came directly under my observation:

"When I was in college one of my schoolmates, the daughter of a prominent clergyman, was deaf to a degree that interfered with her listening to lectures and with her recitations. Later, the deafness increased steadily until she lost her hearing entirely, so far as the ability to take any part in conversation went. Driven to despair by her sad bereavement of social enjoyment, and the mortification of her infirmity, the unhappy girl ended her life with her own hand."

"What will you say, careless parent of a partially deaf child, if your boy or girl commits suicide because of a physical disability that could easily be corrected if you would do your duty?"

The Saddest Case.

"The saddest case that ever fell under my personal observation is one of lateral curvature of the spine—an easy matter to correct if it be taken in time, and one of the most hopeless and humiliating of deformities if neglected. It is usually caused by persisting in maintaining a one-sided position in sitting and standing, or by a fall that injures the spine."

"The girl thus afflicted has asked me to write the history of her case in the hope that it may arouse mothers to a sense of the possible danger to their children who manifest any of the symptoms described, and perhaps thereby save some innocent little one from her unhappy fate."

"When quite a small child, being somewhat of a 'tomboy,' she had several rather hard falls, most of them upon her back. As she grew older she was considered a 'delicate girl,' nervous, irritable, suffering with severe headaches and with a spine that ached and was 'tired' most of the time. Little attention was paid to her complaints, and this, although she had evident symptoms of 'curvature,' viz., one hip and shoulder were higher than the other, the hip on the opposite side being much larger and protruding—as was one of the shoulder blades, and the lower part of the back appearing 'hollow.' All these peculiarities were ignored by her parents, and this while they saw that they made her childhood unhappy, and that she grew more and more morbid as she advanced in years. The consequences of her physical defects made

her 'queer' and moody. Knowing that all these things were known to her parents, and with a child's faith in their love, believing that such a pitiable state (which she thought was congenital) would have been corrected by them had it been practicable, she never spoke of her unlikeliness to other girls to mother or father. Why should she add to their regrets for what could not be helped?"

"The trouble increased as she grew into womanhood. At last, chancing to read a description of spinal curvature—which ought to be fully set forth in school physiology—she recognized her own symptoms, went to a doctor, and had her worst fears confirmed."

Today Her Life Is Ruined.

"Today her life is a saddened, ruined life. She has nothing but suffering and humiliation to look forward to, for, while a few dollars spent at the right time might easily have corrected the trouble, the disease is now of such long standing that if a cure were possible (which is extremely doubtful) the amount needed for a long residence in hospital and surgical attendance while she is there would entail expenses her parents cannot meet. She foresees a present and future of hopeless suffering."

"Her feeling toward the parents whose criminal neglect of her as a child is directly responsible for her misfortune is one of bitter resentment. She feels that had they done their duty she would have been spared all this misery."

"When will parents see that no life like this against their helpless offspring should be classed as 'unpardonable' as they are irremediable?"

"Do they ever ponder upon those solemn words, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me'?"

"Instead of talking and listening to so much of the sin of the children bringing down the gray hairs of the parents to the grave, why do we not hear more of the sorrow caused by carelessness and culpable ignorance of parents with regard to the children committed to them by the All-Father? Which, thank you, is the greater crime—robbing one of money or of every chance of happiness and of usefulness in life?"

"Does not the Bible say that 'he that provideth not for his own household hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel'?" If this be so, where do many proud Christians stand in the sight of God? Does that word 'provide' mean that one has fulfilled one's whole duty when food and clothing are provided and the child sent

to Sunday and day school? One's mental and moral welfare depends largely upon a normal physical condition."

Life a Hard Struggle at Best.

"Who, as a general rule, are the busiest and happiest members of the community?"

"Those who are physically sound and who are able to teach the professors to treat their children with common humanity? We shudder with horror at the foot binding of Chinese girls, the tortures and deaths of children in pagan countries. Look at the trivial things! Make sure that they are

worth living? What is religion worth if it fails to teach the professors to treat their children with common humanity? We shudder with horror at the foot binding of Chinese girls, the tortures and deaths of children in pagan countries. Look at the trivial things! Make sure that they are



"Ah, you women! To whom children are lent by the Lord of life! You may make or ruin their lives! Don't neglect apparently

really trifles before you overlook them. Nature usually gives full and distinct warnings in these matters and yours is the guilt if they are unheeded."

"We have learned but lately that the 'great white plague' is a thing easily cured if it be taken in time—that is, in the earlier stages. The same may be said of nine out of ten diseases."

"At best, life is a hard struggle. Surely it is asking very little of parents to urge them not to handicap their offspring by physical defects that might have been avoided in this age of surgical and medical achievements that would seem miraculous to our forefathers."

"The best argument I see in favor of a political career for women is that they stand less chance to do harm to the race than by marrying and bringing into the world children to be ruined by the ignorance of mothers—or more frequently and wickedly by the neglect of health laws."

Another Woman's Story.

"In the reading of the first page of this letter I had doubts as to the expediency of granting so much of our scanty space to one episode, hesitation passed before a picture conjured in my memory by the story of the deformed girl who might have grown up straight and strong had her mother adopted simple preventive measures in the childhood of the 'delicate' daughter."

"Thirty years ago a young woman called to see me to ask for work. I was the president of a charitable organization having as one chief object the welfare of working girls who were strangers in the city. The day was wet and cold, and when the hollow-cheeked girl sat down before the fire in my sitting room and held up first one shabby shoe then another to the blaze, the steam arose from them and her skirt. I made her lay off her wet wraps and shoes and sent them to the kitchen to be dried while she drank a cup of hot tea, and little by little I drew the story of her life."

"She was bitter but once in the recital. That was when she told how, once and again, her health had failed when she could have kept a good place had she been tolerably robust."

of their physical makeup. She did not think such subjects modest. So I committed all sorts of imprudences as I was growing up and I must pay the penalty while I live. I should be well and strong. I suffer almost constant pain. I have asthma and rheumatism and horrible headaches—and all, the doctors tell me, in consequence of early neglect. Heaven forgive me, but do you know, madam, that sometimes I could curse my mother for it all!"

Earnest Teacher Is Right.

"Other women have said the same, in effect, to me at various times. One of the dearest friends ever given to me was for forty years a sufferer in direct consequence of her mother's reticence and criminal neglect of her growing daughter's health. Violent exercise, when she should have kept quietly at home; wet shoes worn until they dried upon the chilled feet; late hours and overstudy—O, the tale is too common to need repetition. It is, in the instance I speak of, the physical ruin of a splendid creature and the transmission to her of the life that had tortured her for a score of years before the boy was born."

"Our earnest teacher is right, through and through! Mothers are shedding gradually the false notions of 'modesty' (save the mark!) which in former generations wrought moral and bodily evils to their girls. It is no longer considered 'quite indelicate' to instruct young women in the laws governing the marvelous machinery of their triplicate system—Physiology is taught in schools, and women teachers guard the health of their pupils as the 'lady principals' of the last century never dreamed of doing. Yet much remains undone, and much is half done. Perfect confidence with regard to health and the conditions absolutely essential to the maintenance of that choicest of earthly blessings—a sane and active body—should prevail between mothers and daughters. Indications such as wrecked the life of the girl we have heard of through her teacher should not be disregarded for one minute."

"It is not a week since I was brought face to face with a young woman, once a bright, pretty, active girl, who has not walked a step in four years."

"The surgeon told me five years ago that a comparatively slight operation would set me up all right," she said, sadly and simply. "My father had a prejudice against surgical operations. It is too late now!"

I set the 'oeuvre' tale' alongside of the protest which preceded it, and commend both to sensible, tenderhearted mothers. God guide their tender!

MARION HARLAND'S HELPING HAND.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

BECAUSE of the enormous number of letters sent to the department I must ask contributors to limit their communications to 100 words, except in cases of formulas or recipes which require greater space. I want all my correspondents to have a shooting in the corner, and if my request in this respect is complied with it will be possible to print many more letters.

Attention is called to the fact that Marion Harland cannot receive money for patterns, as she has no connection with any department that sells them.

Marion Harland.

INCLOSE a recipe for bran muffins for "B. V." who asked for it a while ago. I know nothing of recipes used in department stores and restaurants, but this was given me by a prominent physician and recommended to his patients for their morning meal. Two muffins should be eaten for breakfast, as they are fine for the stomach and act as a laxative. There is a medicinal bran which makes the best muffins.

I likewise inclose a recipe for scalloped potatoes and suggestion for a lemon pie.

BRAN MUFFINS—Two cups of bran; two-thirds of a cup of white flour; one cup of milk; half a cup of molasses; one egg; a teaspoonful of soda; a little salt. Bake twenty minutes.

SCALLOPED POTATOES—Butter the sides and bottom of a baking dish; break shredded wheat biscuits into bits and put alternate layers of the biscuits and sliced potatoes, with bits of butter, pepper, and salt to taste between the layers. Pour milk over all and bake to a nice brown. This is a welcome luncheon dish—especially if mother has many mouths to feed.

LEMON PIE—When you have a little grated pineapple left over add it to your lemon pie. Try this and see how it will improve the flavor.

CULINARY ITEM—I always save the sirup of pickled peaches and pickled cherries for my mince-meat. I have just added it to green tomato mince-meat. It is delicious.

"B. H."

A charming cluster of useful items, for which we are duly thankful to our Minneapolis member. We are accustomed to getting good things from that quarter of our territory, and "B. H." does not fail us.

Concerning Salad Dressing.

"To save time and labor in making salad dressing, instead of letting fall one drop of oil at a time into the preparation while it is cooking, measure all the oil you mean to use and mix with the dry ingredients. Then beat all together with the yolks of the eggs before putting into the liquid. It will not separate or become too oily, no matter how long you keep it after it is made."

Ingredients: Place in a bowl one tablespoonful of sugar; one of cornstarch; three quarters of a tablespoonful of mustard. Over these pour half a cupful of best salad oil with a scant half teaspoonful of salt. Beat thoroughly three minutes before adding the yolks of two eggs. Beat again for two minutes. Pour this into a pan containing three-fourths of a cup of vinegar and a cup of water that has come to the boiling point. Boil ten minutes, stirring all the time. Pour into a glass jar and seal. Keep in a dark, cool place. This will remain good for two weeks.

"L. F. H."

I can see how the cheap cake may be made palatable, for I recall a similar recipe taken from Miss Catherine Beecher's cook book, presented to me in my novitiate as a practical housewife. That had neither eggs nor butter in it, but neither had it fruit or nuts. I agree with you that two cups of raisins would be too much for that quare

ity of flour, etc. The raisins are seeded, halved and dredged with flour, of course?"

Wheat Bread Without Yeast.

Will you kindly publish a recipe for making entire wheat bread without yeast? I am advised to eat such bread in preference to that made in the ordinary way.

"A. G. T."

I have no recipe for whole wheat bread made without yeast. One who undoubtedly be sent in by some householder richer in old recipes than I am. I suppose biscuits might be made of a mixture of whole wheat flour and white—say two-thirds of the first and one-third of the latter—adding baking powder and shortening per recipe for quick biscuits. But I dare not recommend these to a dyspeptic without warrant from somebody who has a trustworthy formula.

Referred.

Recipe for Spiced Beets.

Last year I sent from the Corner, a recipe for 'spiced beets'.

The beets put up according to the directions therein given were simply delicious. I supposed I had kept the recipe and could have the same whenever I wanted them.

But I cannot find it anywhere, although I have made diligent search for it. Can you repeat it, and soon?"

Mrs. H. I have no recollection of that particular recipe. We have published dozens of formulas for canning and pickling beets, but none for spiced beets answers to our call. If some constant reader has preserved it, will she let us have it?

Making Library Paste.

Will you at your convenience print a recipe for library paste that will not sour in a week and stiffen into uselessness? I use paste daily in various ways, and it is got pleasant to be in a hurry to transfer a clipping to my household manual of daily help and find a hard, foul-smelling, gummy stuff in the paste pot. Then I must make fresh, or let the clippings go for the time. Many of the tales of lost extracts one 'meant to save' are due to the lack of a paste that may be used at a minute's notice.

As you may see, you would be spared the nuisance of 'repeaters' if you can supply this want. I have read care, and want it to be ready at call. I have used

for years that made according to the formula given herewith, and I know of no better. You should have well mouthed jars with close tops for it, and keep the tops on, except when you are actually using the paste. Have the brush close at hand and moisten first with alcohol, then with water, before dipping into the paste. If it gets too stiff, add boiling water. Cook, stirring all the time, for ten minutes. Take it off and beat in a generous teaspoonful of carbolic acid. Bottle it when it is quite cold. If you dislike the odor and the associations excited by carbolic acid, you may beat into the paste salicylic acid in like proportions, and flavor with ten drops of oil of cinnamon, cloves, or wintergreen.

The paste should be like a stiff batter when it goes into the bottle.

Tomato Jam, or Butter.

A correspondent asked for a recipe for tomato jam, or butter. I have read carefully the answers published by you, and as none exactly resembles my way of making it I take the liberty of offering it. I can guarantee its excellence.

TOMATO JAM—Peel and cut the tomatoes into small pieces; drain, and press out all the liquid that runs from them; then weigh and boil for thirty minutes, skimming frequently.

While the tomatoes are cooking, boil in pure water, large lemons. Allow one and a half lemons for seven pounds of tomatoes. When the lemons are tender all through cut and squeeze out the juice; remove the seeds and chop fine—skin and pulp. Add juice and all with the sugar, three-quarters of a pound to each pound of tomatoes, and boil together for twenty-five minutes longer.

Seal hot in fruit jars. C. B. S.

Your recipe should have appeared earlier in the year, and would have had a place in the Exchange but for a press of other matter. I insert it now with the remark to the house mother who is naturally attracted by it that she may secure the delivery for her winter stores by substituting canned tomatoes for fresh. As she will see at once, this simplifies the recipe. She may begin operations with the tomatoes ready peeled and cut up, and half cooked. Let her strain off the surplus liquid; put the pulp over the fire and cook twenty minutes instead of thirty, skimming frequently. Then follow the rest of the directions exactly as they are set down.

FAMILY MEALS FOR A WEEK.

SUNDAY.	LUNCHEON.	DINNER.
BREAFAST. Oranges. Oat meal porridge and cream. Cham truffles. Crisp bread. Tea and coffee.	Salt pork cooked in milk and served in cream gravy. Chopped potatoes sautee (a left over). Cream cheese and lettuce sandwiches (a left over). Brown bread, cut thin. Remains of yesterday's apple pie. Chocolate.	Mutton broth (based upon 10 cent can of soup). Corned beef with caper sauce. Ladies' cabbage. Mashed potatoes. Pumpkin pie and American cheese. Black coffee.
MONDAY.	LUNCHEON.	DINNER.
BREAFAST. Baked Welsh rabbit. Nut sandwiches. Fried French potatoes. Lettuce salad. Crackers and cheese. Gingerbread and jam. Tea.	Clear soup with croquettes. Cannelloni of beef (a left over). Creamed carrots. Mashed turnips. Rice pudding with raisins. Black coffee.	Roast turkey with cranberry sauce. Crisp cornish. Baked potatoes. Canned green peas. Indian meal pudding. Black coffee.
TUESDAY.	LUNCHEON.	DINNER.
BREAFAST. Tomato soup. Potatoes of beef. Baked oysters. Braised sprouts. Steamed fruit pudding with hard sauce. Black coffee.	Roast beef (a left over). Crisp cornish. Baked potatoes. Canned green peas. Indian meal pudding. Black coffee.	Roast turkey with cranberry sauce. Crisp cornish. Baked potatoes. Canned green peas. Indian meal pudding. Black coffee.
WEDNESDAY.	LUNCHEON.	DINNER.
BREAFAST. Oranges. Cereal and cream. Bacon and fried mushrooms. Graham bread. Tea and coffee.	Roast beef (a left over). Crisp cornish. Baked potatoes. Canned green peas. Indian meal pudding. Black coffee.	Roast turkey with cranberry sauce. Crisp cornish. Baked potatoes. Canned green peas. Indian meal pudding. Black coffee.
THURSDAY.	LUNCHEON.	DINNER.
BREAFAST. Oranges. Cereal and cream. Bacon and fried mushrooms. Graham bread. Tea and coffee.	Roast beef (a left over). Crisp cornish. Baked potatoes. Canned green peas. Indian meal pudding. Black coffee.	Roast turkey with cranberry sauce. Crisp cornish. Baked potatoes. Canned green peas. Indian meal pudding. Black coffee.
FRIDAY.	LUNCHEON.	DINNER.
BREAFAST. Oranges. Cereal and cream. Bacon and fried mushrooms. Graham bread. Tea and coffee.	Roast beef (a left over). Crisp cornish. Baked potatoes. Canned green peas. Indian meal pudding. Black coffee.	Roast turkey with cranberry sauce. Crisp cornish. Baked potatoes. Canned green peas. Indian meal pudding. Black coffee.
SATURDAY.	LUNCHEON.	DINNER.
BREAFAST. Oranges. Cereal and cream. Bacon and fried mushrooms. Graham bread. Tea and coffee.	Roast beef (a left over). Crisp cornish. Baked potatoes. Canned green peas. Indian meal pudding. Black coffee.	Roast turkey with cranberry sauce. Crisp cornish. Baked potatoes. Canned green peas. Indian meal pudding. Black coffee.